The Democratic Nominee for the Presidency

Alton Brooks Parker, Jurist With a Notable Career, Successful Campaign Manager, and the Architect of His Own Fortunes

Brooks Farker is abridged from a long article in the Brooklyn Eagle, an Independent-Demotic newspaper, and one of his warm sup

LITON BROOKS PARKER was born in Cortland, Cortland County, State of New York, on May 14, 1852, consequently is in the very prime of manhood, being in his 55d year, and in his case it is the prime of a vigorous and healthy manhood. The stock from which he sprung, on both sides, is all English His great-grandfather, John Parker, was born at Worcester, Mass., in 1751. He was a farmer, and left his plow in 1776 to serve in the patriotic army under Washington as a private, and so continued until the American Republic was established, when he returned to his farm, where he lived out his life, respected by his neighbors as a man of independence, intelligence and industry. He reared a family, of which, however, little is known except of one son, also named John, who, in 1893, came into this state and bought a farm at Cortlandthe same farm which at this day is in the possession of Alton Brooks. This John was recognized by his neighbors as a highly educated man of great intelligence and public spirit. He was heavily han-dicapped in the struggle of life by a farm on which rested the burden of debt, a large family and ill health. Himself e man of education, duly approclating the advantages of culture and truly measur-ing the lack of it, until the day of his death it was a source of bitterness with him that he had not been able to give to his sons and daughters the advantages he himself had enjoyed. Early the but den of the conduct of this Cortland County farm fell upon the shoulders of his son John, the third in direct line. His life was a struggle, and he carried the burder of it with him to the grave. scholastic training, this John third was a studious man, who read widely and deeply, and who preached in his family the truths of the value of an education until he bred in his son Alton, at least, a burning desire for learning.

The Birthplace.

On this farm, lying midway between Binghamton and Syracuse, Alton Brooks was born, and on it he labored as soon during the last three of which, in the Winters, he attended the district school of the vicinity. In his 13th year he entered the Cortland Academy, the same one in which another distin guished son of Cortland, Daniel Scott La-mont, acquired the rudiments of his edu-cation. And it is fact, which should be noted as having its influence on young Alton's developing character and as making for that self-reliance which is a distinguishing characteristic, that the tui-tion fees required at this academy were earned by him by work wherever he could

His Education.

Beyond the academy was the normal school, with its higher branches of study. and the Albany Law School, goals to 1 reached in that struggle to enter the ranks of lawyers of the state. When academy days were done there was money to be earned to meet the expenses of atendance upon them. So for four years he is found teaching school, beginning at Virgil, Cortland County, at the age of 16. There is a story that is characteristic At Virgil there was a scholar so much older than the new teacher that he de-clined to submit to rule and authority, and when force was attempted rebelle and struck out at "the new teacher, who promptly knocked the recalcitrant down, and collaring him, took him home to tell his parents what he had done. The episode established his undisputed authority thereafter. From Virgil he went to Blaghamton, in Broome County, where taught in the public school and batween the two places carned money suf-ficient to carry him through the desired term at the Normal school. grated to Ulster County and taught school in Rochester, of that county, where he carned the money at \$3 per day to give him the desired two years' course at the Albany Law School. Here at Rochester, too, he won a bride in the person of Mary Lee Schoonmaker. With the completion of his term at Albany and his graduation in 1872, he was admitted to practice at the bar. His days of teaching were over. Settling in Kingston, he became first a clerk and subsequently an associate, with the country, and entered industriously and enthusiastically into the practice of the law, as he had determined when a boy It had been done, this translation awyer, in seven years-a period of strug gle, of privation, of incessant labor with head and hands, but never with lessening purpose, rather with eye firmly fixed on the goal, each obstruction in the way an incentive to increased endeavor and greater energy.

Entrance Into Politics.

It is customary to say that the youn wyer entered politics in an endeaadvance the political career of his friend and patron, Judge Augustus Schoonmak-Jr. While there is no question that was so engaged, it cannot be called his first entrance into politics. Young lawyers in country towns and inland city take to politics as naturally as do ducks to water. Indeed, circumstances force them into the affairs of the parties of their faith. And so young Parker was no sooner in the possession of his sheep-skin than he was with others immersed to the politics of the Demography Parker. in the politics of the Democratic party of Ulster County. Participation in poli-tics early made him clerk of the board of supervisors of that county. Five years after his graduation, when he was 25 years old, he was chosen Surrogate of the years out, after a hard political battle, in which he was the only one of his ticket who was elected, testimony to the popularity and the reputation he had so early acquired. Six years later he was re-electwith increased majority. There is no question that that which brought him in to conspicuous notice within his county was the organizing work done by him in behalf of Judge Schoonmaker for Sfate Senator. Mr. Schoonmaker had been County Judge, serving acceptably as might be expected of a man so able and such high character. But by some trick-ery he was deprived of a second term and, disheartened, the Judge regarded his po-litical or public career at an end. Young Parker did not. He conceived the idea of securing the nomination for the State Senate for the Judge and set about organizing the county for Schoonmaker, and with such brilliant success that Schoon-maker was not only nominated for the tation as a lawyer for even when Surman on the coast. rogate he practiced, as is permissible in the counties when there is not business enough in the Surrogate's court to absorb the time of the Surrogate. In 1877, the year he was eletted Surrogate, he im-pressed himself on the leaders of that day, Tilden, Mannin, Lamont et al., by the manner in which he conducted the canvass of his friend Schoonmaker for Attorney-General, who was elected that year to that high office. In 1884 Hill slipped

Gubernatorial nomination was made, and It was within the line of his pro-under the circumstances, the Hill people fession, and he accepted it promptly felt the necessity of the nomination of a conspicuous name to strengthen the any one rise to say it was not an ticket. Roswell P. Flower was nominated and promptly declined, but not until after the convention had adjourned. It fell to the state committee to fill the vacancy The Republicans had nominated a popular soldier in the person of Joseph B. Car and Hill regarded the nomination of on who could divide the soldier vote of the state as essential, and not only desired. out made a strong effort to persuade Gen eral Slocum to take the nomination. This General Slocum declined and with som-heat, and after no little discussion Gen eral Edward F. Jones, of Binghamtor was taken. Now in all of these event was taken. Now in all of these events Alton B. Farker was with his Ulster County people and their allies in the up-state counties who were for Hill, and at that time he had not the acquaintance of Hill.

A Brilliant Campaign. The situation on the Democratic side after the adjournment of the nominating

convention was singular. The contemptuous refusal of Flower to accept the nomination, the no less contemptuous declination of General Slocum to fill the vacancy, the refusal of others to come rescue, gave such a blow to the Democratic campaign in the beginning that it was believed that the battle was ost before it was even begun. This was followed by a long list of refusals on the take the management of the campaign. No one seemed to be willing to ally or identify himself with what seemed to be ncessarily a losing campaign. In this functure, when the organization of the campaign, none too long in time, was being delayed for the want of organizing neans, Robert A. Maxwell, then State Treasurer, ever a pronounced Cleveland man, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General under the second Cleveland Adminetration, suggested the name of Alton B. Parker as one eminently fitted for the duties if he could be persuaded to assu them, coupling the suggestion with the assertion that such assumption of duty was not in line with the course of life Parker had laid out for himself. At Hill's solicitation, Maxwell hastened to Parker at Kingston, and persuaded him to meet Hill on the Hudson River train that afternoon. The proposition made was not received favorably by Parker. It was not in line of his endeavor. was an interruption in his career as a practicing lawyer. He modestly doubted his capacity for that sort of work, and expressed the opinion that a person more amiliar with the details of of the various countles should be chosen. But when the appeal was made to his chivalry and when it was presented to him that appeal to him was the last re course-in the nature of a forlorn hope he yielded, and you will find in this incldent an insight into the man. He ac-cepted the place. What followed is now history. He was a masterful leader, wag ing not only a brilliant, but a most successful, campaign. As an organizer he discovered a rare ability. As an aggressive battler, he was quickly recognized by his opponents. He changed the the opponents' campaign from that of the offensive to the defensive in ten days, and kept it on the defensive to the end. And this he did without those abundant means which have usually been the possession of the successful campaign managers. It was a campaign of discussion and persuasion. It had to be, for he had no other means to em-

ing defeat ended in November under the

young manager with the sole triumph none was more emphatic than the candi-

date himself, who accorded him a degree

it is in his composition to feel. And

occurred by reason of the death of Judge

which it fell to the lot of Governor Hill,

in the discharge of his Juties, to fill by

Stories that Parker hositated and dehated

ver this appointment are idie. It was

appointment. And he appointed Alte

a vacancy on the Supreme Court ben

any one rise to say it was not an eminently fit appointment. Whether the motive of Governor Hill was that of gratitude or a desire to pay a political debt, the fact is that in the result a young man of high legal attainments and of the highest moral character, of strong and forceful mentality, was elevated to the bench. There were those at the time who insisted that the appointment should have gone elsewhere in the district, but ! belonged to Kingston, and Kingston go A year later he was nominated for full term of 16 years, and let this be thoroughly understood; the opposing par ty made no nomination against udge Parker was chosen by a practically unanimous vote of the district, thus con firming in a most positive way the dom of Governor Hill's appointment. lom of Governor Hill's appointment.
For 12 years Judge Parker sat on the
bench of the Supreme Court. In 1889 a
bench of the Supreme Court of Appeals second division of the Court of Appeals was brought into existence for the pur-pose of clearing up the choked and encumbered calendar of the court. It was

provided that this second division should e appointed from the members of the Supreme Court bench, and the selection was to be made by the Governor. Among hose selected was Judge Parker, and a the time he was but 38 years old. Four years later the second division having fin shed the work it was appointed to do was dissolved, and its members returned to their courts. By Governor Flower he was almost immediately appointed to the general term of the First District, that is to say, of New York City, and was appointed by Governor Morton later, and so continued to serve until the general erm was abolished and the Appellate Division came into existence. In 1897 he was nominated to be Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and was elected by a majority exceeding 60,000. The previous majority exceeding 60,000. year the state had given the Republican Presidential candidate a plurality of 212,-600. The election of Judge Parker the following year involved a reversal in plu ralities of 272,000. It is explained by thos who seek explanations on the ground that, through a blunder of Republican management, Judge Werner, his opponent, was deprived of votes he otherwise would have had. This is speculation however, and the fact remains that the State of New York, which in 1896 went Republican for McKinley by 212,000, wen Democratic for Parker by 60,000 in 1897.

Urged for the Governorship. It is insisted that in 1891 powerful lead-Judge Parker and that he declined permit the use of his name is no doubt true and that he respectfully declined is no doubt as true. But it is also true that those who urged him to this course could o more guarantee his nomination than they could his election. The urgency was only made by certain leaders to serve heir own ends and strengthen their own ositions before the party. In fact, there ad been a change of control. A combination between the elements represente by Edward Murphy, Jr., and Richard Cro ker had been made, and the control wrested from David B. Hill. That com nation controlled a majority of the delegates and was from the first affirmativ for Roswell P. Flower. The campaign r delegates had been a vigorous one and on the Murphy-Croker side waged on the means furnished by Flower. Judge Parker appreciated the situation and would be no party to an undignified scramble

not calling for his nomination.
In 1902, however, there was such a debright shining sun of victory. And among those who accredited the brilliant mand within his party for his nomination as Governor as was never made before in its history. Had he said one word indic ative of his willingness to accept such omination at any period of the carr paign up to the moment of nomination, no other name would have been heard in the convention. That his voice and in when the shouting was done Parker went back to his law books, asking nothing fluence was exerted to the contrary prior Then he mi-taught school to victory. Subsequently, however, there convention was exerted to the prevention Theodoric Westbrook, of the judicial dis-trict of which Ulster County is a part, of a stampede of it for Parker there is Nor now is there any doubt that if that convention had been stam-Nor is there any doubt in the light that followed that he would have been elected Parker, who was then 33 years old.

for delegates when party sentiment was

Governor. Judge Parker, a man of 52 years last May, does not look his age by ten of butte within the line of his amirations, them.

manhood, standing 5 feet in his shoes. His hair is a reddish color, his eyes a hazel brown with a reddish tinge, his face wears the tarnished livery of the sun with the same reddish tinge. His nose is aquiline and aggressive, and his chin is aggressive in its breadth and thrust forward. This high color first attracts attention, then his chin, which conveys the im-pression of great will power, dogged ad-herence to a purpose once made and determination to carry forward the enter-prise agreed upon. The nose claims attention, with its showing of force and investigative power. The coarse, red mustache between chin and nose tells you of virility, and by this time you are be-ginning to think, perhaps, that the animal qualities predeminate, until the eyes en gage your attention, when those windows of the soul tell you that if there are animal qualities in the make-up of the of the soul tell you that if there man they are in control and are tempered by a kindly disposition and an acute intelligence that is wide awake and cogni of all that is transpiring within ken Above rises a high, broad, their ken white forehead, which is symmetrical in its slope, preserving the full-ness of the intellectual part without minimizing that of penetration and observa-tion. If you are a phrenologist, you will say that he is a man who is fond of music, that he is a good guesser of weights, and in his youth had an inclination toward athietic sports, especially of a gymnastic nature, with a fine sense of color and the quality of telling the time of the day without consulting the watch. And you will also determine from that high, broad, white forehead that he thinks without effort, with unusual powers of concentrahis mind from one consideration to another without friction; that he has wonderful nervous endurance and can labo for longer hours with less fatigue than most men. You shall also discover that the moral faculties are fully developed and that reverence and conscience play their parts even in the small things of his life. In short, you will determine that you have been observing a very strong man, men taily and physically, who is well balanced not easily swayed, tenacious of his own conclusions, well nigh resistless in his energy, combative, if not pugnacious, acknowledging no master but himself, wholesome, kindly, courteous and abundantly enjoying life in the mere matter of having existence. And on acquaint-ance and observation it will be found that the qualities suggested are all a part of

The Judge is learned in the philosophy and origin of law, as his address before the law schools and legal institutions abundantly prove, and in the lighter forms of literature is fond of a good novel, a strong predilection for Scott, Thacke ray and Dickens. He is a farmer in his recreation and deeply interested in the scientific side of agriculture and in the breeding of cattle. His home life is unestentations, simple and dignified, the erved without pemp or affectation, and s cenerous hospitality the abiding rule. His family consists in these days only of him-self and wife, but his mother is a frequent visitor under his roof, and his daughter, Bertha, the wife of the Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, rector of the Episcopal Mission Church of the Holy Cross, at Kingston, is frequently at her father's nome, with her two children. The Judge s a vestryman of this church, over wh his son-in-law presides. The Judge's mother, Harriet Stratton, is yet alive, in her 89th year, and resides with a marrie daughter, Mrs. James A. Miles, in Derby Conn., not a little miarmed that all the honors showered on her son will make nim worldly and self-sufficient, a result against which she contends by frequent letters of admonition. His brother, Fred W. Parker, is engaged in the insurance business in New York City, and his name ends the roll of the family.

Blessing Her Patrons.

Chicago Tribune. Young photographers have queer fanes. There are many young women among the artists of country towns, and walle they keep up their regular business in portrait work they develop some odd preferences in the matter of subjects. A pretty-faced Indiana girl with a whole los of romantic ideas, and who shares a gal-lery with her brother, has made a great hit in the work of "taking" no less romantic girls in the act of having toeld fortunes told by a wandering gypsy woman. She has already made several of these pictures, and artists who have seen them give her a great deal of credit for

Appearances Are Deceptive.

La Grange (Mo.) Tribune. does not look his age by ten of

He is a handsome specimen of how far it can make a woman jump.

NO LAURELS LOST AT VANCOUVER

Corvallis Still Has Confidence in Sprinters Williams and Smithson.

is not believed here that Joe Pearson can, under equal conditions, defeat Floyd Williams, the O. A. C. sprinter, in the 440-yard run. The men have the same record in the event, to-wit, 51 2-5 seconds, made by Pearson this Summer on the Berkeley track and by Williams recently at Forest Grove. With reference to Pearson's victory in the Vancouver meet when Williams appeared for Multnomah, Williams had had practically no training since the meet with the University of Oregon at Eugene, June 5. Williams is a heavy-muscled man, who loses far more in speed by lack of training than does a man of lighter build or nervier disposition. That Williams in the Vancouver meet was badly out of condition, is proved by the fact that Smithson took a place over him in the 220-yard dash, for the first

time in his life. It has been learned here that in the Vancouver meet, three watches caught Smithson's time in one of the beats of the 100-yard dash at 306 4-5. The development of this speed, as well as that of Williams is the result of the superior work of W. O. Trine, physical director at the college. Williams has a record of 161-5, and Smithson, after one year in college, has a record of 10 flat, being the first Oregon man to make that record. Cadigan, of California, has made the distance in 10 flat, in Oregon, but he was developed in California. Six other Oregonians, all developed by Director Trine, have 101-5 seconds, and each is believed in his time to have been capable of a 10flat record, if emergency had required. These are: Higgins, Overholt, Kelly, Kuymaker was not only nominated for the of Oregon and the office but triumphantly elected. The young lawyer Parker had builded better than has knew, for in his single-hearted and unselfish devotion to the cause of his friend he had so impressed himself on Oregon meet at Eugene. It is the anthe county that he made friends in all carries of it, as was manifest two years only defeat Pearson in the 460, but that only defeat Pearson in the 460, but that kendall, Bishop and Heater, all University parts of it, as was manifest two years later, when he was nominated for Surrogate. During the years he was a hard he can best any other man now in that his profession and gaining trievent on the Coast; or, that Smitheon, event on the Coast; or, the

A Missouri Horse-Buyer.

Macon Republican. Billy Hall, the Lancaster horseman, visited Bloomfield, in, recently, and in five hours bought 303 horses, giving less than a minute to the inspection of each animal. The prices ran all the way from \$100 to \$180 a head. The to that high office. In 1884 Hill slipped total amount paid out was \$45,000. The into the Gubernatorial nomination by a buildings of the town were decorated, bere majority. Up to this time there had been no consideration of candidates for thurch served dinner. It was a regular circus day.

TWO FLEET-FOOTED OREGON ATHLETES



Flord A. Williams

Floyd A. Williams, of Oregon Agricultural College, has the following records: In the 100-yard dash, 10 1-5; in the 220-yard dash, 22 1-5, which tied the Coast record when It was made at Forest Grove, May 20; in the 660-yard run, 51 2-5; or within a fifth of a second of the Northwest college rec ord, held by Clyde Payne.

Forrest Smithson, of Oregon Agricultural College, is the only Oregon from with a record of 10 seconds flat in the 100-yard cash, made at Eugene, Or., June 4, in the meet between Oregon Agricultural College and University of Oregon. He has a record of 0:23 in the 200-yard dash, and 0:05 2-5 tn the 50-yard dash, and 0:26 6-5



An Old-Fashioned Wooing-By Ellsworth E. Kelley

The Sunday Oregonian's Selected Fiction

(Copyright by S. S. McClure & Co.)
AMES BENJAMIN SAUNDERS-he was called Jim Ben on the farm where he had been "hired hand" for the last ten years-came up on the back

porch, wiped his face on the roller towel that hung by the door, stepped to the window-pane that possessed the quality of dimly reflecting a countenance before it, carefully combed his hair, and then stepped into the spacious room that served the double purpose of kitchen and dining-room. Before he reached his accustomed chair in the corner he paused in open-mouthed astonishment. There was

a new hired girl in the kitchen. Now, during the last ten years, Jim Ben had seen hired girls come and go from the Weaver kitchen by the score. There had been a long procession of tall girls and short girls, fat girls and lean girls, maids and widows, girls with complexions like peaches and cream, and girls with no complexion whatever. The new girl had freck-

les and red hair. "Je-rusalem!! exclaimed Jim Ben.

"Don't you dare come swearin' 'round my kitchen!" admonished the red-headed girl, "'cause I won't stand it-not a bit of it!" Her tone was severe, but a comical smile played around her mouth. Not being a society man, Jim Ben was at a loss for reply. He compromised by shuffling for reply. He compromised by shuffling on toward his chair.

"For the land sakes! I don't know what yer name is—" Here Jim Ben volunteered the desired information. "Well, then, Jim Ben, you go straight out and clean them boots. Look-ee at ye, a-trackin' up my clean floor in that style!"

That was the beginning of it, After dinner Jim Ben did an unexpected and wholly unprecedented thing. Of his own motion he took the empty pail from the bench by the kitchen door, went to the well, manipulated the heavy old "sweep," returned with the pall brimming full of water, and set it carefully on the

"Look-ee at ve now! If you haven't spilled some water on my clean floor, you great, big, awkward hulk! I've a notion to—" and she grabbed a dipper, and only the hasty exit of Jim Ben in the direction of the barn saved him a liberal sprink-

as he plodded slong behind the plow that afternoon. When he and Mr. Weaver stopped to rest at the turning row, Jim Ben sat on his plow beam and indus-triously whittled a clod of moist earth in a preoccupied way. When he had fashed it into a cube he turned to Mr.

"Say! Who is she?"

"Who's who?" "Who's who?"
"W'y, her; the new hired gal!"
"Oh! That's Randy Higgins. Her folks
live down on Scatter Creek. You know
old man Higgins—him 'at's got the saw-

Jim Ben nodded assent. Then he said: "Gosh! Ain't she freckled? Sort o' red-

headed, too. I bet she's got a temper!
The red-headed kind always has."
Randy utterly ignored Jim Ben at the supper table, although he went so far as to ask. "What's them?" when she passed him the plate of biscut that gave outward evidence of the inward presence of a superabundance of sods. After supper he further violated all precedent by getting the kindlings for the morning fire and fill ing the box with wood.

When he had performed this work of su-pererogation, he sat down just inside the kitchen door and watched while she washed and wiped the dishes. She handled them deftly and swiftly, and moved about with light foot. Her sleeves were rolled to her shoulders. Jim Ben would have been less than human if he had not be-

stowed sly, admiring glances on her white and shapely arms. She turned on him suddenly and caught him fairly. "What you gawkin' at me for?"

"I wasn't gawkin'! It was just wonderin'

if they hurt."
"What? My arms?"
"No, ma'am. Them freckles." For answer she clouted him about the ears with the wet dishcloth, but when he

had ingioriously fied from her province she gave utterance to a series of delighted Jim Ben kept clear of the hired girl's kingdom for three days, mealtime always excepted, of course. Randy confided to her mistrees, that of all big, awkward, clumsy stand-up-and-fall-downs, he was the very worst she ever did see. It made her laugh to look at him. Perhaps that was why she would look at him with a twinkle in the tail of her eye, while he was stolidly eating his moal and unswer-

ing her questions in curt monosyllables. Then, womanlike, she began to make ad-Jim Ben had lifted a barrel of salt, unaided, from the wagon to the ground. Randy, who was on her way from the woodyard with an apronful of chips, woodyard with an apronful of chips, stopped to watch this athletic feat. When he had set the barrel on the ground with apparent case she complimented him. She

"My! It must be awful nice to be that strong." Then she ran toward the kitch-en, saying: "I b'lieve I smell my cookles

Jim Ben followed. He asked the que regent of the Weaver kitchen if he might have a cup of fresh buttermilk. She filled for him a quart tincup. When he had drunk it all he wiped his mouth with

"Most gais lets the cream sour too long afore they churns. I call that there buttermilk tip-top stuff, if you did churn

Randy smiled at this frank praise, and to show him that it had not fallen or unappreciative ears, brought forth a roll of yellow butter, solid and sweet, with curved decorations marked on it with the butter paddle. "How do "That's the genuine truck, shore enough! I bet you're the best hired gal

that's been in this kitchen for the las "La, I bet my cookies is burnin' this time, fer shore!" She hurried to the oven and withdrew therefrom a pan of ccoxies that were done to a turn. The odor came

tentatively: "I used to sort o' like fresh cookies-

tantalizingly to Jim Ben's nostrils.

Randy listened a moment. "I thought I heard Mis' Weaver callin' ahe explained. "No, she ain't a-callin' She's just a-singin' out on the front porch She's doin' some sewin' out there." She gave Jim Ben a cooky.

hesitated a moment and then remarked

Jim Ben munched the cooky and feasted his eyes on the neat, graceful form of the red-headed girl. He was not given to day dreams. Still, as he sat there, he conjured up a nomely vision of domestic bliss in the log house on the lower eighty. Mr. Weaver had talked of renting out the

lower eighty next year. If—
"Now, Jim Ben! you toddle along out o here. How you s'pose I'm ever goin' to get my work done up, an' you all the time foolin' around in the way?"

Not being able to answer this very vent to mend the fence around the hog that he never swore once, not even when a strand of the barb wire broke, much to the demoralization of his "overhalls." When miking time came, Jim Ben suck-When mfixing time came, Jim Ben suck-led the calves, as he was accustomed to do, and then—which he was not accus-of yer ma more'n once, Jim Ben!"

tomed to do-gallantly offered to milk the Holstein cow, a notorious hard milker. He sat on a stool under the Holstein and milked with both hands while Randy was milking the Jersey. They kept up a running fire of repartee-"sayin' smart things" in the vernacular. They were having quite an enjoyable time, until Jim Ben, somewhat deficient in finesse, made the pretended error of mistaking her auburn tresses for the setting sun, A stream of mile shot across the intervening space, it took him fairly in the face, and he fled in sheer terror, fearing the bucket of mils would follow. For two days he was in disgrace, and then came the singing

When the supper was done and the dishes washed that evening, Jim Ben made his appearance in the kitchen, clean shaved and clad in Sunday raiment. As Randy locked at him she could not help thinking he was a really manly-looking fellow, though his mouth was too large to permit of his being called handsome. She did not tell him so. She only re-

"Land alive! What's the little boy goin' to do now?" "Nothin' much. Nothin' but take the hired girl to the wingin' school! Run

along, slasy, an' git on yer things, an' don't keep me waitin'." Strange to say, the hired giri obeyed. Strange to say, the hired giri obeyed. Singing school was over, and they had reached the front gate on their way home. The stars were abashed and pale in the presence of the resplendent full moon. The couple stood by the gate in silence for a moment, paying involuntary tribute to the glory of the night. They sat down on the horse block by the sate. sat down on the horse block by the gate. Randy took off her broad hat and her glossy hair reflected the moonlight in a shadow way, until something very like poetry awake in the heart of Jim Ben, and he thought of the halo about the head of the Madonna that hung on the wall of the best room. He pondered for

moment and then said:

a moment and then said:

"Randy, Fil take back what I said tother night—about your hair, you know. It's mighty purty hair, if it is red."

She gave him a grateful little giance.

"I've never went with a gal afore," he went on. "Never keered to, someway. None of 'em come up to what mother used to be. She's dead, you know. Mother was an awful prod sook know. Mother was an awful good cook, though some-times she'd get a leetle too much sody in the biscuits. She was noat as a pin about her housekeepin', too. I tell you, she used to make me walk chalk when come in the kitchen with mud on my boots! You put me in mind o' her in lots o' ways. That's why I brought the water and got the kindlin's and sort o' wait on you, like And her butter and your'n tastes adsactly alike."

'Taint everybody that knows how to make good butter," shyly admitted

"You bet it ain't!" fervently responded Jim Ben, "And I've always said, when I did get married, I was goin' to hev a wife that could come up with her at but-termakin' and housekeepin'."

Randy's hat slipped from her lap to the

ground. Both reached for it, and, as they stooped, they bumped heads.
"Shore sign we'll be together this time nex' year," observed Handy. For an-swer, Jim Ben's big hand closed gently

awer, Jim Ben's big hand closed gently on her slender, unresisting fingers. "Randy"—his heart was thumping se loud he felt sure she must hear it— "Randy—I—that is—I've got \$600 iaid up. Next spring I'm thinkin' of buying a span o' hosses and rentin' the lower eighty. I'll do it—and we'll go into business fer ourselves-if you just say the word! Will you?"

The red-headed girl turned her face to:

his with a happy smile, and said, as he kissed the patch of freckles on her

Many Curious Facts About Bees

How Creature Goes About Stinging-Lore and Superstition.

New York Sun.

EE culturists have for a long time been endeavoring to produce less bee. They expect yet to accom plish this by crossing American bees with the Italian.

Much in this direction has been accomplished in Arizona, where the noticeable strain of the native stock is disappearing under careful breeding. The native bee is pugnacious, but is not rated so good a oneymaker as the Italian.

The new bee that has been developed is net so pugnacious, and is less inclined to resent any interference by stinging; and at the same time he is almost as good a honeymaker as his Italian forbears.

The tiny weapon of defense has always proved a great menace to the apiarist, and there are many instances in which it has proved fatal to man and beast.

A flight of locusts got in among the bees at Mahableshwar, India, the other day and the result was somewhat alarming. A swarm of angry bees surrounded Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, who were driving past the aplary. They were both severely stung and the ponies that were hitched to the vehicle died as a result of the attack made upon them by the bees.

A valuable horse belonging to William

Mendlesohn, of Ventura, Cal., was stung to death by angry bees. Mr. Mendlesohn had located his bees on a ranch near the town, and while absent had tied his horse near the hives. The bees attacked the animal in swarms and he died soon after-

ward in agony.

Bud Summers, of Huntsville, Mo., was driving along a country road the other day, when he and his horse were attacked by a swarm of bees. The attacks was so effective that Mr. Summers fied to the nearest nouse. His horse tore the buggy and harness

to pieces, and fell down helpless and ding. He died an hour afterward. Mr. Summers thinks he would have been stung to death but for the help given him by the family in whose house he sought refuge. As it was, he was terribly disfig-

"Stinging is not the impulsive and furious action on the part of the bee that many persons think," said a bee culturist. "I have often watched bees sting, and they

all go about it in the same way.

"Take them, first, in a slow and careful sting, where they have plenty of time. Here they study the ground that is to be punctured with minute attention.

"They have a pair of insruments called palp!—wonderful insruments full of fine have such half terminating in a failure.

hairs, each hair terminating in a delicate nerve—and with these paint they will sound the piece of fiesh as perfectly as a physician will sound a patient's lungs. They can tell precisely in this way whether or not their sting will penetrate without meeting any obstruction or com-

without meeting any obstruction or coming to any harm.

"The bee, if it seems good to her, at
the end of her examination, turns, darts
in her sting and at the same time injects
into the wound a tiny drop of clear, pale
green venom. If she has time she withdraws her sting, circling around and around the wound, screwing out the little weapon as a carpenter screws out a bit.
"But if she has not time, if her life is
in danger, she files away at once, leaving
both poison and ating. Thus maimel, she

ters with her palpi first and finds time in many cases to get out her sting and es-cape uninjured."

Many quaint delusions prevailed in older times about everything relating to the bee and honey. The source and composition of honey were subjects for many ingenuus speculations.

Belief in the celestial origin of honey

runs through all the old treatises on api-culture, from Virgil down. It was supposed to be a kind of manna from Heaven and its quality depended greatly on the favorable or unfavorable juxtaposition of the stars at the time of its descent. The existence in each hive of one be

much larger than all the others was genbe merely a ruler or king over the rest, That this large bee was actually the queen of the whole colony never seemed to have occurred to any one until recent

The situation of the beehive was in old times a matter of importance. It was placed always on the south side of a stream of water and never in a place where there were echoes, as an echo was

held to be injurious to bees.

Honey appears to have been held in extraordinary favor as a universal specific for human ills. It was largely recommended as a hair-restorer. If dead bees were dried, pounded and

worked up into a thick paste with the honey, its hair-producing capabilities were much enhanced. For weak eyes it was recommended to take a handful of the heads of bees, burn them and mingle with the honey gathered in the dog days. The eyes were anointed liberally with the mixture, and clearness of vision was the

Among the Dutch it is supposed to bring ill luck to sell bees. If a neighbor wants to get hold of some of a friend's bees, he must go like a thief in the night and steal them, leaving the money for them in some

Malays always revere the bee; whenever a swarm visits their abode they make room for them. The coming of the bees is considered a good omen and signifies that the inmates will be pros-

One of the suggestions made for utiliz ing the bee is that of a Western man, who would make them carriers of military dis-

The homing instinct of the bee, he says, is intensely strong, stronger even than that of the pigeon; and, on account of their size, they are less likely than pigeons to be shot by the enemy. Transferred by micro-photography to a minute piece of paper, this man says, a great deal of information could be conveyed on a bee's

Bees sometimes swarm in strange places. A swarm recently came from off the shore and installed Itself in and about one of the ventilators on the upper deck of the British warship Diana us she lay alongside the Mole of Gibraitar.
One of the seamen, with the aid of an

old soap box and a boarding pike, quickly nate enough to dispose of his capture advantageously.
Some workmen upon fixing their landers

high on the south wall of the Council chamber at Abington, England, found a swarm of bees. As no one appeared will-ing to remove them, the Mayor ascended both poison and ating. Thus maimed, she dies in an hour or two.

"It is only upon the drones of the hive that the average bee uses her weapon—not one bee in a million ever stings a human being or an animal—and when she attacks a drone it is easy to withdraw her sting again, and thus no harm comes to her.

"When she stings a man, though, there is more danser; but even here she reconnot—

The guards were compelled to its destination, when an aplarist came to the rescue and hived the whole swarm. One swarm a few days ago took possession of a big tree in the center of a park at Kansas City, Mo., and formed an interesting attraction of the place. Of the hundreds that saw them no one made any attempt to hive them

until a farmer, named John Alcorn, came along.
"What'll you give me to take the bees away?" he asked the manager of the

"The bees," was the reply, and a bargain was struck right there.

Alcorn climbed up to the swarm, and swept all the bees he could into a nati keg. He must have got the queen with the first handful, for the bees did not object to the treatment. After he had got the bulk of them in the keg, he turned it upside down on the ground and placed a stick under one side.

Then he beat on a tin pan, and the re-

mainder of the bees left the tree and swarmed into the keg. Alcorn gathered up the keg and its buzzing occupants, and started for home.

With the Gin'rale.

Lippincott's. The late General John B. Gordon and Governor Candler, of Georgia, were together in a hotel in Atlanta recently, when Governor Candler asked the General if he had ever known a witty darky. "Yes," said the General, "one. When "Yes," said the General, "one. When General Robert E. Lee was fighting Grant in 'the last days' an old darky besleged headquarters with requests to see 'the gin'ral.' He was turned away a dozen times. But one day he sue in reaching the guard immediately in front of General Lee's tent, and almost got into the tent itself before he was stopped. The altercation which followed was overheard by General Lee, who called out: 'Let that man come in.' Then into shambling, gray-headed, gnaried old darky, who scraped the ground with his foot and kept turning his hat around nervously in his hand.
Well, where do you belong?" demand-

ed General Lee. " 'I b'longs to y'r company, Gin'ral,' re-

turned the darky.
"'No, you don't," declared the General sharply. 'Everybody in my company has sharply. been shot. How is it that you haven't

"The darky scratched his head. Then from his twisted mouth came a confiden-tial whisper: 'Well, yo' see, Gin'ral, it's this way. I ain't been shot 'case when

Talent Promtply Recognized.

Chicago Tribune, The businesslike young man approached the man at the desk.

"I'll ask only a minute of your time,"
he said. "I want to know if you wouldn't
like to subscribe for a copy of this book.
I've sold 150 of 'em in this building in the
last three days." last three days." The man at the desk took the book and ooked at it. He noted its utter worth-

leasness from a literary point of view, its tawdry binding, and the cheapness of the paper on which it was printed. Then "Young man, do you mean to tell me seriously that you have sold 150 copies of that book in this one building?" 'Yes, sir. Here's my order book. You

can look at the signatures yourself. "I see. Young fellow, I don't know how much you are making out of this busi-

much you are making out of this busi-ness, but I'll give you twice as much, whatever it is, if you'll take hold of a patent nose ring for hogs I was fool snough to drop a lot of money in a few years ago and help me to dispose of a stock of 2000 dozen of 'em I've still got on